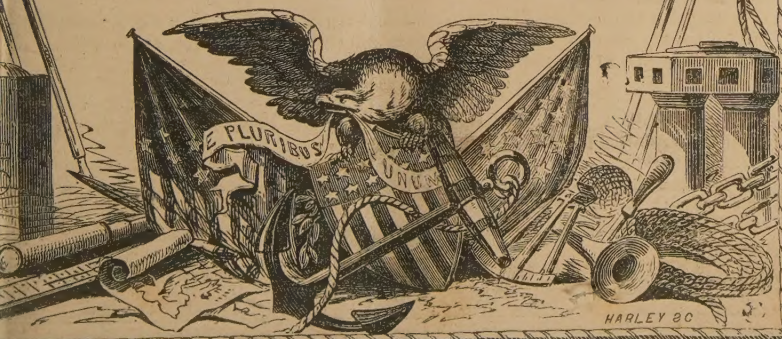


THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE — and — SEAMEN'S FRIEND



MAY, 1866.

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THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE.

THE SAILOR'S MAGAZINE, a monthly pamphlet of thirty-two pages, will contain the proceedings of the American Seamen's Friend Society, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies, in behalf of Seamen. It will aim to present a general view of the history, nature, the progress and the wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, commending it earnestly to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of all Christian people.

It is designed also to furnish interesting reading matter for seamen, especially such as will tend to their spiritual edification. Important notices to mariners, memoranda of disasters, deaths, &c., will be given. It will contain correspondence and articles from our Foreign Chaplains, and of Chaplains and friends of the cause at home. No field at this time presents more ample material for an interesting periodical. To single subscribers, \$1 a year in advance. To any one who will send us \$5 for five subscribers, a sixth copy will be sent gratis. POSTAGE in advance—quarterly, at the office of delivery—within the United States: *twelve cents a year.*

THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

A paper in pamphlet form, of *sixteen* pages, issued monthly, containing the most interesting articles of the Magazine, is designed for a large circulation among Seamen, and the friends of the cause on land, and for *gratuitous* distribution.

It will also be furnished to subscribers for 25 cents per single copy, per annum, or eight copies for \$1, and at the latter rate for any greater number; payable always in advance. *Postage* same as for the Magazine, or in packages, at 2 cents for four ounces, or six copies.

It will also be furnished to Chaplains and Auxiliary Societies for *gratuitous* distribution among Seamen and Boatmen as a monthly 16 page tract, at the cost of paper and press-work, \$1 25 per 100.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

This little sheet, published monthly, will contain brief anecdotes, incidents, and other facts relative to Sea Libraries or Missions.

It will be sent *gratuitously* to every person who will become a collector for Seamen and forward through the S. S. superintendent or pastor a collection for the Society. Any Sabbath School or individual who will send us \$12, for a loan library, shall have fifty copies gratis, monthly, for one year, with the postage prepaid by the Society.

It will also be furnished as a *four* page tract adapted to Seamen, and for *gratuitous* distribution among them at 30 cents per 100.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE,

Vol. 38.

MAY, 1866.

No. 9.

ANNIVERSARY.

THE THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY of THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY will be held at IRVING HALL, corner of Irving Place and Fifteenth Street, near Union Square, on MONDAY evening, May 7, at half-past seven o'clock.

SEAMEN IN THE PORT OF NEW YORK TO BE HENCE- FORTH PROTECTED BY LAW.

The friends of the sailor, who for years have been laboring to secure needed legislation in his behalf, have at last had their efforts crowned with success.

A carefully drawn bill was introduced into the Senate by Mr. La Bau, of Richmond Co., early in the Session of the present Legislature, which met with almost unanimous favor. It passed the Assembly by a vote correspondingly strong, and, signed by the Governor on the 23d of March, became a law, to go into effect the first day of May.

This law is somewhat stringent, but not too much so to accomplish its humane and beneficent intention.

It creates a Board of Commissioners, who are entrusted with the whole matter of licensing and regulating Sailors' Boarding-houses; and, if energetically executed, will go to prevent many of those glaring abuses which have heretofore rendered the port of New York notoriously dangerous to seamen on shore.

It doubtless will save thousands of dollars to the sailor, and hundreds of thousands to the commercial houses of this and neighboring cities.

The friends of the measure are under lasting obligations to Mr. La Bau and others in the Senate, for its earnest advocacy there; and also to Messrs. Childs, Littlejohn, Goodrich, Buckman, Maurice, Pitt, and others, for the cordial and effective support they gave it in the Lower House.

The readers of the Magazine will be glad to have the law where they can readily refer to it. It is as follows:

AN ACT

For the better Protection of Seamen in the Port and Harbor of New York.

PASSED MARCH 21ST, 1866.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. It shall not be lawful for any person, except a pilot or public officer, to board or attempt to board, a vessel arriving in the port or harbor of New York, before such vessel shall have been made fast to the wharf, without first obtaining leave from the master or person having charge of such vessel, or leave, in writing, from her owners or agents.

§ 2. It shall not be lawful for any owner, agent, master or other person having charge of any vessel arriving or being in the port of New York, to permit or authorize any sailors' hotel or boarding house keeper, not licensed as hereinafter provided, or any agent, runner or employee of any sailors' hotel or boarding house keeper to board, or attempt to board, any vessel arriving in, or lying, or being in the harbor or port of New York, before such vessel shall have been made fast to the wharf or anchored, with intent to invite, ask or solicit the boarding of any of the crew employed on such vessel.

§ 3. It shall not be lawful for any sailors' hotel or boarding house keeper, or the employee of any sailors' hotel or boarding house keeper, having boarded any vessel made fast to any wharf in the port of New York, to neglect or refuse to leave said vessel, after having been ordered so to do by the master or person having charge of such vessel.

§ 4. It shall not be lawful for any person to keep, conduct or carry on, either as owner, proprietor, agent or otherwise, any sailors' boarding house or sailors' hotel in the city of New York or city of Brooklyn, without having the license in this act provided.

§ 5. It shall not be lawful for any person not having the license in this act provided, or not being the regular agent, runner or employee of a person having such license, to invite, ask or solicit in the city or harbor of New York, or city of Brooklyn, the boarding or lodging of any of the crew employed on any vessel.

§ 6. There shall be, and is hereby created, a Board denominated a Board of Commissioners for licensing sailors' boarding houses or hotels, in the cities of New York and Brooklyn, consisting of one person to be selected by each of the following corporate bodies or associations respectively, to wit: The Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, the American Seamen's Friend Society in New York, the New York Board of Underwriters, the Marine Society of New York, and the Society for promoting the Gospel among Seamen in the port of New York.

§ 7. Such Board shall organize for the transaction of business as soon as practicable after the passage of this act. They shall take the application of any person applying for a license to keep a sailors boarding house, or sailors' hotel in the city of New York, and upon satisfactory evidence to them of the respectability and competency of such applicant, and of the suitableness of his accommodations, shall issue to him a license, which shall be good for one year, unless sooner revoked by said Board, to keep a sailors boarding house in the city of New York or Brooklyn, and to invite and solicit boarders for the same.

§ 8. Such Board may, upon satisfactory evidence of the disorderly character of any sailors' hotel or boarding-house licensed as hereinbefore provided, or of the keeper or proprietor of any such house, or of any force, fraud, deceit, or misrepresentation, in inviting or soliciting boarders or lodgers for such house, on the part of such keeper or proprietor, or of any of his agents, runners, or employees, or of any attempt to persuade or entice any of the crew to desert from any vessel in the harbor of New York, by such keeper or proprietor, or any of his agents, runners, or employees, revoke the license for keeping such house.

§ 9. Every person receiving the license hereinbefore provided for shall pay to the Board of Commissioners aforesaid the sum of twenty dollars, which, after deducting the actual expenses of said Board incurred in the transaction of the business, which expenses shall not exceed the sum of fifteen hundred dollars, shall be by them applied for the relief of shipwrecked and destitute seamen. Said Board shall file, on the second Monday of January of each year, in the Office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, a statement showing the number of licenses issued, the names of persons to whom issued, with the name of the street and number of the house licensed, during the year preceding; the amount of money received therefor; the amount and items of their disbursements; and the amount distributed by them as hereinbefore directed.

§ 10. The said Board shall appoint a president and secretary, and shall keep an office in the city of New York, and make such bye-laws and regulations as may be needful for the orderly conduct of its business not inconsistent with the constitution and laws of this State.

§ 11. The said Board shall furnish to each sailors' hotel or boarding-house keeper, licensed by them as aforesaid, one or more badges or shields, on which shall be printed or engraved the name of such hotel or boarding-house keeper, and the number and street of his hotel or boarding-house; and which said badges or shields shall be surrendered to said Board upon the revocation by them or expiration of any license granted by them as herein provided.

§ 12. Every sailors' hotel or boarding house keeper, and every agent runner, or employee of such hotel or boarding-house keepers, when boarding any vessel in the harbor of New York, or when inviting or soliciting the boarding or lodging of any seaman, sailor, or person employed on any vessel, shall wear, conspicuously displayed, the shield or badge referred to in the foregoing section.

§ 13. It shall not be lawful for any person, except those named in the preceding section, to have, wear, exhibit, or display any such shield or badge to any of the crew employed on any vessel with the intent to invite, ask, or solicit the boarding or lodging of any of the crew employed on any vessel being in the harbor of New York.

§ 14. Whoever shall offend against any or either of the provisions contained in sections 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 12, and 13 in this Act, and any Commissioner appointed under this Act who shall, directly or indirectly, receive any gratuity or reward other than as herein provided for, or on account of any license under this act, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall, upon conviction thereof, be punished by imprisonment in a county jail for a term not exceeding one year, and not less than thirty.

§ 16. This Act shall take effect on the 1st day of May next. days, or by a fine not exceeding two hundred and fifty dollars, and not less than one hundred dollars, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

§ 15. The word "vessel," as used in this Act, shall include vessels propelled by steam.

The Cholera and its Treatment.

BY A MISSIONARY PHYSICIAN.

The probability that the cholera, which proved so great a scourge in Western Asia and in parts of Europe, in 1865, may visit the United States during the coming season, gives much interest and importance to a paper on the subject, prepared by Dr. Pratt, of Marash, (Central Turkey mission.) He was at Constantinople during the

prevalence of the epidemic in that city, and states that, after consultation with Dr. Hamlin and others, who had had practical experience in former epidemics of the kind, a circular was prepared, suggesting principles and methods of management, a copy of which was furnished to each mission family." This was afterwards modified, as the result of experience and he has now furnished it, substantially, for publication :

Symptoms of the Disease.

"Cholera is a disease of the stomach and intestines, manifested by purging and vomiting, and running, sooner or later, into discharges like water with rice boiled in it. This is the essential nature of the disease, no matter where it appears. When it comes as an epidemic, commonly called 'Asiatic cholera,' there co-exists, to a greater or less degree, what is called malignancy; manifested by coldness of the surface of the body, depressed pulse, purple, shriveled appearance of extremities, and perhaps spasms. It is this quality that is the source of danger, and it may vary in intensity from the slightest to the most virulent degree, causing death in three hours, and before the purging and vomiting have had time, of themselves, to produce any effect.

Treatment.

"To meet these conditions, the following directions must be carefully followed:

"(1) For the stage of diarrhea.—This may come on insidiously, painless, and hence not alarming, but should be met promptly. The remedy is, "The Cholera Mixture," so called, consisting of equal parts of

Laudanum,
Tincture of Rhubarb, and
Spirits of Camphor.

"Begin with 30 drops, taken clear and unmixed, with a little sugar placed in the mouth afterwards. Repeat the dose after every evacuation, increasing it, if the case becomes urgent, to 60 drops, (a teaspoonful,) or 90 drops, if necessary. If the diarrhea is not controlled by this means, an injection of from 30 to 90 drops of laudanum, in a table spoonful of starch, will prove a valuable help. This may be often repeated. If the diarrhea ceases,

do not entirely intermit the medicine, but give gradually in diminished doses, every one or two hours, for a period of twelve or even twenty-four hours.

"(2) For the vomiting stage, the best remedy is

Laudanum,
Tincture of Capsicum,
Tincture of Ginger, and
Tincture of Cardamom seeds,

equal parts; to be given, from 40 to 60 drops, undiluted, and followed by sugar, after every fit of vomiting; taking care to give it as soon as the fit ceases, when it will be more likely to be retained. An excellent adjunct to this is a large mustard poultice to the abdomen.

"(3) For the stage of malignancy, the only remedy is stimulants, especially brandy, which must be given with great freedom, from two to four teaspoonfuls every half or even quarter hour, till heat returns, and pulse and sensibility of extremities are restored. It is always to be given undiluted. Alcohol, or other spirits, will answer the purpose if brandy is not to be had. It will be necessary to combine with this, artificial heat—bottles of hot water to the body and extremities—friction of the limbs, which no one need fear to apply, and mustard, perhaps, to the feet and hands, stomach and limbs. Remember that boldness, to the verge of rashness, is better than excess of caution, and that no danger is to be apprehended from any of these remedies so long as the symptoms for which they are given are uncontrolled.

"The use of cold water must be strictly forbidden, except merely to gargle; a very small quantity, swallowed, will bring on the diarrhea after it has been stopped for hours. A little water of gum arabic may be al-

lowed, a teaspoonful at a time; or, perhaps, lumps of ice might be taken with safety.

"For the *typhoid fever*, which often follows an attack, chamomile or sage tea, and diaphoretic treatment, will be all that is needed, besides a moderate use of stimulants for convalescence."—*Missionary Herald*.

Influence of Climate in the Equatorial Regions.

A paper on this subject was recently read before the Association for the Advancement of Science and Art in Cooper Institute, by Mr. J. Disturnell. He observed that the meridian of Greenwich cuts the equator at the Bight of Benin, in the Gulf of Guinea, being one of the hottest portions of the earth's surface. Here are found almost all the varieties of the animal and vegetable productions peculiar to the equatorial regions. Man alone seems to be the most degraded, being generally in a very low state of civilization. Slavery and polygamy are everywhere prevalent, and human sacrifices are practiced by several tribes.

Immediately under the equator is a broad belt of low barometer and constant calms, formed by the tropical winds tending westward across the Atlantic Ocean. The north-east trade winds of the Tropic of Cancer, and the south-east trade winds of the Tropic of Capricorn blow obliquely towards each other. These combined phenomena are, no doubt, the origin of the Gulf Stream, in connection with the earth's rotation, which, in its course across the Atlantic, strikes Cape St. Roque on the coast of Brazil, in about five degrees south latitude, passing north-westward into the Caribbean Sea, thence into the Gulf of Mexico, and again to be propelled

forward along the Florida coast into the broad waters of the North Atlantic Ocean.

That portion of South America lying between the Amazon and Orinoco rivers possesses all the marked peculiarities of the equatorial region, the land being low, unhealthy, and clothed with a luxuriant growth of foliage. As you ascend the noble Amazon, fed by hundreds of lesser rivers, the land gradually rises, and the country becomes rich in all the fruits and other varied productions of the tropics.—The climate of this portion of Brazil, for the most part, is that of perpetual summer.

Near the head sources of the tributaries of the Amazon, rise the lofty Andes of Equador and New Granada, excelled only by the Himalaya mountains of Asia, towering far above the line of perpetual snow. Here all the varieties of climate and temperature are to be found, from that of the heats of the torrid zone to the temperatures and frigid zones of the more northern latitudes. Here, at an elevation varying from three thousand to ten thousand feet above the ocean, are situated on the table-lands, villages, and cities thickly inhabited, where are produced, in succession, all the varieties of fruits, grain, and vegetables found in different portions of the globe, man here being susceptible of a high state of education and self-government.

The Pacific Ocean, with its innumerable islands, is next passed over, where prevails on both sides of the equatorial line the same character of trade-winds as are found to exist on the Atlantic Ocean, having, however, a cooling influence, owing to the Antarctic drift, or cold current of water flowing along the coast of Chili and Peru.

Kingsmill group and the Caroline Islands are passed before reaching New Guinea, Borneo, Java, the Celebes and Sumatra, all of which are large and important islands, which, together with numerous other islands, are known as Malaysia. The Indian Ocean, lying between Malaysia and Africa, presents a large expanse of water with but few islands, being about four thousand five hundred miles wide on this parallel of latitude.

There are found in the circuit of the globe, under the equator, the Africans, the Malays, Tapuans, and portions of the aboriginals of America, each in their native climate—while the Mongolians and Caucasians inhabit more northern climes.

In thus going around the world from east to west, under the equator, another singular fact is apparent, to wit: "The equatorial regions contain three extensive tracts of land, widely separated from each other by the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian Oceans.—These are the intertropical parts of Africa, of South America, and of Malaysia. Each of these may be said to have a distinct tribe or family of quadrupeds." The land thus passed being about 5,600 geographical miles, and the water 16,000 miles, making a total of about 25,000 English statute miles.

Society in Chili.

A writer in *Macmillan's Magazine* gives the following account of society in Chili—a country which is now attracting an unusual share of attention:—

"Education is making progress in Chili, under the fostering care of an enlightened Government. The population of the country is about 1,500,000, and the attendance at all schools,

public and private, is about 50,000.—A much larger number of persons can read, however, than one would imagine from these figures. We presume the average period of attendance at school is very short, which makes the quantum of education, such as it is, suffice for a much larger number of inhabitants than it ought to do. It is noteworthy that the Roman Catholic clergy do almost nothing in the way of promoting educational efforts. Indeed, where there is the faintest odor of heresy about the educational exertions of foreigners, a note of warning is instantly and loudly sounded by the church; but as, in the English and German academies in the larger towns, a better education is provided than can be obtained elsewhere, these warnings are not greatly heeded by intelligent parents.

"The better class in Chili are tolerably well educated. In Santiago there is a respectable university, an institute or high school, and a theological seminary—the last being in the hands of the Jesuits or Ultramontanes, and designed to prepare a priesthood for the service of the national church. It is but poorly attended, and throughout the country the altar is in a great measure served by Spanish, French, Italian, and Irish priests. The university is chiefly devoted to the study of law and medicine. A high classical or mathematical curriculum is not insisted on, nor, we apprehend, is it obtainable. The rector of the university, Don Andres Bello, is a fine old man, now nearly ninety years of age, a scholar of some eminence, a poet, and once an able diplomatist. Venezuelan by birth, he followed his celebrated countryman Bolivar, and during the wars of the Independence, resided in Europe as se-

cretary to the representatives of some of the rebellious provinces, then embryo republics. He has lived to see the honorable labors of his ardent youth largely repaid in the advancing civilization of the majority of the South American States. 'Bello's Commentary on Public Law' is known and appreciated wherever the Spanish language is spoken. His Latin Grammar is also an admirable text-book.

"Amongst the women of Chili education is not so well attended to, nor so widely disseminated as amongst the men. In the art of writing, the fair sex is particularly deficient, the epistles of a Chilian lady, as compared with the notes of an accomplished Englishwoman, being like the productions of a country servant girl. There is, however, no lack of polish and refinement of manners amongst the better families in the Chilian capital.—Music is very generally studied, and many of the young ladies render the operas of Verdi and Bellini with a power and skill rarely found in non-professional circles.

"The Chilians are frank, accessible, courteous, and hospitable. The unaffected kindness which one meets with, especially at their estates or haciendas, makes a lasting and most favorable impression. In the cities, there is, perhaps, less outward expression of hospitality. A foreigner is very rarely invited to dine, and is seldom asked to stay at his friend's house in the city, but in the country it is entirely different. Everything is there placed at the guest's disposal, and his comfort is studied in every possible way—all with the most hearty and sincere good will.

"In the cities, the evening is devoted to visiting. Unless one is on terms of very great intimacy, a visit during the day is as unacceptable as

it would be unlooked for. The evening *tertulia*, with its pleasant gossip, is an agreeable recreation. The round tea-table is an institution in Chili, and English folks on visiting terms at native houses are not reduced to syrups or *eau sucrée*."

Extemporaneous Surgery.

BY W. W. HALL, M. D.

The arteries of the body carry the life's blood from the heart. If one of these is ruptured from any cause, and the blood is allowed to escape, the man will die within a few minutes sometimes, when with the aid of a stick and a string or handkerchief, either of which is almost always at hand, his life might be saved. If the severed artery is in the leg or arm, and there is no string at hand, tear a strip from any part of the clothing, tie it loose around the limb, pass a stick between the skin and the strip, and twist it round until the bleeding ceases. If a vein is wounded or cut, apply the dust from a tea canister or common cobweb; or even without these, wrap a strip of cotton cloth around moderately tight, and then another piece around that; if the bleeding does not cease, let cold water run on the wound until it does, or until a physician arrives. But it is of vital importance to remember that the artery sends out blood by spurts or jets, and of a bright red character. If the blood comes from a vein, it flows slowly and evenly, and is of a dark red. But these directions will do no good, unless it is specially noted that if the blood comes from an artery, the application of the string must be made above the wound, that is, between the wound and the heart; if a vein has been wounded, and the same appliances are needed, they must be

made below the wound, or between the wound and the extremities.

If an artery is cut in a part of the body where a string cannot be applied, hard pressure with the thumb at a spot about where the string would have been applied, may save life.

If stung or bitten by insect, snake, or animal, apply spirits of hartshorn very freely with a soft rag, because it is one of the strongest of alkalies, and is familiar to most persons. The substance which causes the so-called poison from bites or stings is, as far as is ascertained, certainly acid. Hence, the hartshorn antagonizes it in proportion to the promptitude with which it is applied. If no hartshorn is at hand, pour a cup of hot water on a cup of cooking soda or saleratus, or even the ashes of wood just from the stove or fire-place, because all these are strong alkalies, and hartshorn is only best because it is the strongest. There is no conclusive evidence to believe that burning or cutting out a bite has ever done the slightest good. The proof adduced to show that they have been effectual is wholly of a negative character, and therefore not decisive.

The Sandwich Islands Indebted to Mariners.

(From the Honolulu Friend.)

We know of no class of men to whom the world is more indebted for its material prosperity than that body rendered illustrious by the name of Vancouver, Cabot, Kane, Ross, Franklin, and a host of others. Especially is this true of these Islands. Captain Cook was our Columbus, and his name is identified with our history, while that of Vancouver, "the good," will last as long as that of Kameha-

meha the First, the earliest hero name of our written history.

Obliged, by our position, to be a maritime people, it is fitting that we should be under obligations to great sea-captains, and that we should appreciate the blessings they have conferred upon us. Perhaps a short review of the past may enable us to do so justly.

According to native traditions, swine were first introduced here from a foreign ship, the officers of which "wore uniforms, cocked hats, and swords." In 1778, Captain Cook introduced, for the first time, sheep and swine of British breed, besides the melon, pumpkin and onion. Shortly after, Captain Colnet introduced sheep upon the Island of Kauai. To Captain Vancouver we are indebted for goats, sheep, cattle, the orange-tree, geese, and a variety of other precious objects. To Captain J. Mangahan belongs, we believe, the honor of having first introduced the Irish potato. To Capt. Cleveland, an American, commander of the *Lelia Boyd*, belongs the honor of having introduced horses, in 1802 and 1803. They were sent as a present to the "famous King Kamehameha," by the "good old Padre of San Borgia, Mariano Apolonario," of California.

Nor have we by any means exhausted the list of those noble-hearted mariners who have been at great pains and expense to enrich these Islands by valuable acquisitions of useful animals and plants; but we have said enough to prove that the former race of sea-captains were not a whit behind those of our own times in public spirit and an unselfish desire of benefiting others. As for the miserable accusation that they also introduced diseases, not the worst of which was the small-pox, they might as well be

accused of being wingless! Writers about the Islands are almost sure to tell us of such "*merderies*"—as the place where and the time when mosquitoes and fleas were introduced, but when it comes to be a matter of real information, lo! they are off on the interminable theme of their own contemptible exploits, nicely seasoned with reflections upon their betters, who, by the introduction of foreign plants and animals, have won the lasting honor and gratitude of our countrymen. If, however, we award the praise due our marine, both domestic and foreign, it is not our intention to reduce them into retirement under the foliage of well-earned laurels; on the contrary, we wish to encourage them, by a full appreciation of their past services, to renewed exertions on this subject.

We are persuaded there are few captains, regularly visiting our ports, who could not earn an ever-green memory by the importation of some useful plant or animal from other countries. No one could do this so well, as they have facilities for transport and the care of such objects which cannot be commanded by mere passengers. For instance, deer, the whole host of insectivorous birds, the edible frog, swans, besides other animals of which they may become acquainted, to say nothing of seeds and plants. Both China and California are uncommonly rich in things of this kind, and, as our mariners have not been behindhand on former occasions, they will not, we feel sure, be behindhand in continuing that good reputation which their former good deeds have so richly merited.

Now, here is a chance for distinction, really worth more than cuffs or epaulettes to our marine officers, both of national and merchant

services, and if they miss immortality it is not our fault. Introduce but one new and useful plant or animal into these Islands, and the thing is done. The fountain of perpetual youth was a mere fable, that never immortalized any one; but our receipt is a good one, and we earnestly hope that it will induce many among our mariner friends to lay hold of the matter, that our future history may hand down a long list of benefactors that flourished in the early days of Kamehameha V, all of whom were worthy of following in the footsteps of Cook and Vancouver.

Waifs from the "London."

THE MESSAGES OF SHIPWRECKED PASSENGERS TO FRIENDS AT HOME.

The British Admiralty has received from Brest the following:

"On the 12th of February last three bottles were found on the coast of Guiberon and Locruariaquer, containing several papers written in English, as follows:

"The first paper.—'D. W. Lennon, London, Thursday, Jan., 1866. —The ship is sinking; no hope of being saved. Dear parents, may God bless you, as also me, with the hope of eternal salvation.'

"Second paper.—'Steamship London: they are putting out the boats.'

"Third paper.—'F. G. Huckstepp. On board steamship London, lat. 46 deg. 20 min., long. 7 deg. 30 min., lost boats, masts and sails; ship leaking.'

"Fourth paper.—'We commenced our voyage on Saturday, the 30th of December, 1865. Sunday in the Channel, Monday in open sea, Tuesday in ditto, Wednesday at Cowes, Thursday at Plymouth, Friday and Saturday at sea, Sunday, bad weather, Monday, water from the stern

comes in cabin, the 9th, heavy damages, a boat lost. May we get home. term.—H. G.’

“Fifth paper.—‘F. C. McMillan, of Launceston, Tasmania, 11th January, 1866, to his dear wife and his dear children: May God bless you all! Farewell for this world. Lost in the steamship London, bound for Melbourne.’

“Sixth paper.—‘H. J. D. Denis to Th. Denis Knight, at Great Shelford; Adieu, father, brothers and sisters, and my . . . Edi. . . steamer London. Bay of Biscay, Thursday, ten o’clock.—Ship too heavily laden for its size and too crank. Windows stove in; water coming in everywhere. God bless my poor orphans.’”

Lost in a fog at Sea.

Men who go out on the sea at night to catch fish are often in great danger when a fog comes, and then their wives and children are in great trouble about them. Here is a little tale in verse about one of these men who was lost in a fog at sea, and what his little boy did to let him know which way he must come to get safe to the shore.

‘Come this way, father!’
 ’Twas my little boy’s voice
 Which guided my way,
 When on the wide sea
 In the fog my boat lay.
 ’Twas the voice of my child
 As he stood on the shore;
 It sounded out clear
 O’er the dark billows’ roar,
 ‘Come this way, my father,
 And steer straight for me:
 Here, safe on the shore,
 I am waiting for thee.’

I knew that sweet voice
 ’Midst rocks and rough breakers
 And high dashing spray:
 How sweet to my heart
 Did it sound from the shore,
 As it came out so clear
 O’er the dark billows’ roar!
 ‘Come this way, my father,
 And steer straight for me:
 Here, safe on the shore,
 I am waiting for thee.’

How great was my joy
 When I heid to my breast
 The form of that dear one,
 And soothed it to rest!
 For the tones of my child,
 ‘I call’d you, dear father,
 And knew you would hear
 The voice of your darling’
 Far o’er the dark sea,
 While, safe on the shore,
 I was waiting for thee.’

That voice is now hushed
 Which then guided my way;
 The form I then pressed
 Is now mingled with clay:
 But the tones of my child
 Still sound in my ear,
 ‘I am calling you, father.
 Oh! can you not hear
 The voice of your darling,
 As you toss on Life’s sea?
 For on a bright shore
 I am waiting for thee.’

I think of that voice
 In many a lone hour:
 It speaks to my heart
 With fresh beauty and power;
 And still echoes far out
 Over Life’s troubled wave,
 And sounds from loved lips
 That lie in the grave,—
 ‘Come this way, my father;
 Oh! steer straight for me:
 Here, safely in heaven,
 I am waiting for thee.’”

Present Condition of our Navy.

The *Navy Register* for 1866 gives the following particulars of the reduction of our naval force:—

Since the close of the war, 255 vessels have been disposed of by sale, and 13 have been lost. The number of vessels retained in the service is 318, of which 73 are laid up in ordinary, 63 are building at the different navy-yards, 14 are fitting out for sea service, 35 are under repair, and 39 are employed at various naval stations as tugs and despatch boats, or in the Ordnance Department. This leaves 94 vessels, of which 90 are attached to our squadrons, while four are employed as supply steamers. These vessels are distributed among the different squadrons as follows:

	Vessels.	Guns.
European Squadron...	7	102
Brazilian Squadron ..	9	102
East Indian Squadron.	5	51
West Indian Squadron	9	86
Pacific Squadron.....	20	221
Atlantic Squadron....	9	74
Gulf Squadron.....	18	138
Special service.....	7	126
Receiving ships.....	6	142
Supply steamers	4	23

Total,.....94 1,061

Aggregate tonnage, 103,622 (old measurement).

Chaplains in the Navy.

The Secretary of the Navy has reported to Congress the names of the naval chaplains in service, or on the retired list, as follows :

ACTIVE LIST.

Names.	Appointed.	Denomination.
Theodore B. Bartow.....	1841.....	Episcopalian.
Joseph Stockbridge	1841.....	Baptist.
Nathaniel Frost	1841.....	Congregationalist.
John Blake	1847.....	Episcopalian.
Edmund C. Bittinger.....	1850.....	Presbyterian.
Mason Noble	1853.....	Presbyterian.
Robert Givin.....	1855.....	Methodist.
Geo. W. Dorrance.....	1860.....	Baptist.
Thomas G. Salter.....	1861.....	Episcopalian.
Wm. A. Hitchcock	1862.....	Episcopalian.
Ezra D. Winslow.....	1863.....	Methodist.
Charles R. Hale	1863.....	Episcopalian.
Wm. H. Stewart.....	1863.....	Baptist.
John S. Wallace.....	1863.....	Episcopalian.
Donald McLaren	1864.....	Presbyterian.
George W. Smith.....	1864.....	Episcopalian.
C-o. D. Henderson.....	1864.....	Unknown.
Henry B. Hibben.....	1864.....	Methodist.
John D. Bengless.....	1864.....	Baptist.
Total, 19.		

RETIRED LIST.

Chas. S. Stewart	1828.....	Presbyterian.
Geo. Jones	1833.....	Episcopalian.
Rodman Lewis.....	1839.....	Methodist.
Moses B. Chase.....	1841.....	Episcopalian.
Chester Newell.....	1841.....	Episcopalian.
Photius Fisk	1842.....	Presbyterian.
John Lee Watson.....	1855.....	Episcopalian.
Henry Wood.....	1856.....	Presbyterian.
Chas. A. Davis	1857.....	Methodist.
Total, 9.		

Success of Steamship Enterprises.

The growth of most of the steam lines upon the Atlantic has been gradual and steady. The Cunard Company began its independent line by placing one or two screw steamers on the route from Liverpool to Boston and New York, to relieve the mail steamers from the pressure of freight. This led to the establishment of a regular line of what they call

cargo steamers, which are sustained entirely by freight and passengers, and without any postal service whatever. The Inman line also commenced by making monthly trips, first to Philadelphia, and subsequently to New York. It very soon became a semi-monthly line, then a weekly line, and now its departures take place twice a week. It has hardly been able to build its ships fast enough to meet the requirements of its business; and yet it is supposed to have paid for nearly all of them out of the profits it has realized in the trade, and has never received any assistance from Government. We might quote also the example of the National Steam Navigation Company, and indeed every similar line on the Atlantic. The Galway and Collins Companies are the only instances of failure.

The Sky an Indicator of the Weather.

The color of the sky, at particular times, affords wonderful good guidance. Not only does a rosy sunset presage good weather, and a ruddy sunrise bad weather, but there are other tints which speak with equal clearness and accuracy. A bright yellow sky in the evening indicates wind; a pale yellow, wet; a neutral gray color constitutes a favorable sign in the evening, and an unfavorable one in the morning. The clouds are again full of meaning in themselves. If their forms are soft, undefined, and full feathery, the weather will be fine; if their edges are hard, sharp, and definite, it will be foul. Generally speaking, any deep, unusual hues betoken wind or rain; while the more quiet and delicate tints bespeak fair weather. These are simple maxims; and yet not so simple but what the

British Board of Trade has thought it to publish them for the use of seafaring men.—*Scientific American.*

The Mason-Spider of Corfu.

The mygale nest varies much in size, from one inch in length to three or four, and even six or seven inches. In the West Indies, where the spiders are crab-like, the insects measure six inches or over. One nest, especially mentioned, and minutely described by Mr. Oudouin, was three inches and a quarter long, and eight-tenths of an inch wide. The nest, of cylindrical form, is made by boring into the earth; making his excavation; the next thing, having decided upon the size of his habitation, is to furnish it, and most beautiful are his hangings. The whole of the interior is lined with the softest possible silk, which the "major-domo" spins all over the apartment until it is padded to a sufficient thickness and made soft enough. This done, and the interior finished, the mygale shows its peculiarity taking steps to keep out intruders making, not only a floor, and that self-closing, but a door with swinging hinges, and sometimes one at each end of the nest.

A gentleman at Corfu saw the spider make his door, and thus describes the work: Lying out in one of the sandy plateaus covered with olive groves, with which Corfu abounds, lounging about in the sandy soil, he came to a spider's nest. Examining it, he found the lid or door would not open, and seemed held firmly within by the proprietor—as if Jack were at home; so he applied forthwith the leverage of a knife-blade, upon which the inmate retired to his inner chamber. The aggressor decided not to disturb him any more that day, but marking the place—a most necessary thing to do—thought he would explore further the

next day, if fine. Accordingly, the next day he called early, intending to take off the door, and to watch the progress of restoration, and how it would be accomplished.

After waiting a long time, out came Monsieur Mygale, and looking carefully around, and finding all quiet, commenced operations by running his web backward and forward across the orifice of his nest, till there was a layer of silken web; upon this he ejected a gluten, over which he scratched the fine sand in the immediate neighborhood of his nest; this done, he again set to work webbing, then gluten, sand; then again web, gluten, sand, about six times. This occupied in all about eight hours. But the puzzling part was that this time he was cementing and building himself out from his own mansion, when, to the astonishment and delight of his anxious looker-on, he began the finishing stroke by cutting and forming the door by fixing his hind legs in the centre of the new covering, and from these as a centre, he began cutting with his jaws right through the door he had made, striking a clear circle round, and leaving about one eighth of the circumference as a hinge. This done, he lifted the door up and walked in.

My friend then tried to open the door with a knife, but the insect pulled it tight from the inside. He therefore dug round him and took him off bodily—mygale and nest complete. The hinge is most carefully and beautifully formed, and there appears to be an important object in view when the spider covers over the whole of the orifice, for immediately the door is raised, it springs back as soon as released; and this is caused by the elasticity of the web on the hinge, and the peculiar formation of the lid or

door, which is made thicker on the lower side, so that its own weight holds it to be self-closing, and the rabbeting of the door is wonderfully surfaced. Bolts and Chub locks, with a latch-key, the mygale family do not possess; but as a substitute the lower part of the door has claw-holding holes so that a bird's beak or other lever being used, Monsieur Mygale holds on to the door by these, and with his legs against the sides of his house, offers great resistance against all comers.—*London Journal*.

The Central Africans.

At a missionary meeting lately held in England, the great African explorer, Dr. Livingston, said: I should like to answer a question that is often put to me. "What sort of people are those you wander among?" Now I should like to tell you that they are very far from being savages. On the sea coast they are rather bloodthirsty, especially those who have been in the slave trade, but when you get about three hundred miles into the interior, you meet with people who are quite mild and hospitable. It is the duty of each man in the village to give every stranger his supper, and to show him every hospitality which lies in his power. These people are not engaged in hunting, as most inhabitants of this country think they are, but are employed in cultivating the soil. They also manufacture iron, smelting it from stone, and very excellent iron it is. I brought home with me the last time I was in England some of the ore, and the iron was manufactured into an excellent Enfield rifle. The quality was exceedingly good and equal to the best Swedish iron. They also manufacture a superior quality of copper, also articles of earthenware and basketwork. When we first go

among this class of people, with the idea of their being savages, it is rather singular, but I believe true, that they rather believe we are savages. They do not understand where all the black people that are carried away go to. Thousands are taken away annually and you cannot go anywhere without meeting with slave parties. The men carry what are called slave sticks, with a fork at the end of them, which are fastened around the necks of the captives, so that it is impossible for them to get out of them or get at the other end, by which they are tied to trees throughout the night. The people I am now speaking of imagine that the white people eat them. They look upon us as cannibals, and we look upon them as savages. Now, if we take an impartial view of both, we shall find that they are better than each imagine one another to be.—*African Repository*.

South America.

This great Continent, with its 16,000,000 souls, presents a sad specimen of what papal doctrines and practices—having had full sway for 300 years—do for a people. With facilities for agriculture; with mineral deposits; with a system of water-courses, exceeding those of all other countries; ignorance, poverty, and misery, are still the lot of the great mass of its inhabitants. Even the privileges of republican institutions have been nullified in many instances, by the degradation of the people, and in some cases, while the name was republic, the reality was a military despotism. But there is a remedy in the Gospel for even South America, and South America is open to the Gospel more than ever before.

The educated, thinking minds are coming more and more to the convic-

tion that Popery has been the ruin of their land, and are giving more encouragement to a free Gospel. In regard to South America, generally, it is safe to say, that the influence of Romanism is decreasing; the true character of the priests is more justly estimated; light is spreading; and more favor is accorded to Protestant missionaries. The power of Romanism has so waned that even when the national laws sanction persecution, public opinion forbids it, and they rarely attempt it except in indirect ways. |

The Oldest Republic on Earth.

The *American Quarterly Review* contains a letter from Geo. W. Irving, Esq., giving a sketch of his visit to San Marino, a small republic in Italy, between the Apennines, the Po, and the Adriatic. The territory of this State is only forty miles in circumference, and its population about seven thousand. The republic was founded more than fourteen hundred years ago, on moral principles, industry, and equity, and has preserved its liberty and independence amid all the wars and discords which have raged around it. Bonaparte respected it, and sent an embassy to express his sentiments of friendship and fraternity. It is governed by a captain regent, chosen every six months by the representatives of the people (sixty-six in number), who were chosen every six months by the people. The taxes are light, the farm-houses are neat, the fields well cultivated, and on all sides are seen comfort and plenty, the happy effect of morality, simplicity and frugality.

The Oldest Commercial City.

The most ancient centre of trade in the world, and one which still retains its mercantile currents, is Damascus.

The caravan comes and goes as it did three thousand years ago; there are still the sheik, the ass, and the water-wheel; the merchants of the Euphrates and of the Mediterranean still "occupy with the multitude of their waters." From Damascus came the damson, the blue plum, and delicious apricot of Portugal; Damascus damask, the beautiful fabric of cotton and silk, with vines raised upon a smooth, bright ground; the damask rose, introduced into England in the time of Henry VIII; the Damascus blade so famous the world over for its keen edge and wonderful elasticity, the secret of whose manufacture was lost when Tamerlane carried off the arts into Persia; and that beautiful art of wood and steel with silver and gold—a kind of Mosaic engraving and sculpture united—called Damaskeening, with which boxes, and bureaus, and swords, and guns are ornamented. Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham, a centre of trade and travel, an island of verdure in a desert, a "predestinal capital," with martial and sacred associations extending through more than thirty centuries. It was "near Damascus" that Saul of Tarsus saw the "light from Heaven above the brightness of the sun;" and the street which is called Straight, in which it was said "he prayeth," still runs through the city. The city which Mahomet surveyed from a neighboring height and was afraid to enter, because it was given to men to have but one Paradise, and for his part he was resolved not to have his in this world, is, to this day, what Julian called the "eye of the East," and Isaiah the "head of Syria." It is still a city of flowers and bright waters; the streams of Lebanon, the "rivers of Damascus," the "rivers of gold," still murmur and

sparkle in the wilderness of Syrian gardens, while Tyre and Sidon have crumbled on the shore, Baalbec is a ruin, Palmyra is buried in the sands of the desert, and Nineveh and Babylon have disappeared from the Tigris and Euphrates.

A Hero Gone.

William Conway, for more than forty years an enlisted man in our navy, died recently at the naval hospital, New York. He was the man who sturdily refused to lower the United States flag at Pensacola, Florida, when ordered by the traitor, E. B. Renshaw, to do so, on the secession of that State. He received a gold medal from the San Franciscans for his patriotism at that time.

A Reminder!

The Financial Year of the Society closes the 1st of May.

This will serve, perhaps, to remind some of our readers that their intended annual donations are yet to come in.

Receipts for March, 1866.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Walpole, Simeon Perry	5 00
Wolfboro, Cong. ch.....	5 00

VERMONT.

Georgia, Bapt. ch.....	3 00
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MASSACHUSETTS.

Attleboro, Mrs. S. C. Chapin, for S. library	12 00
Centreville, Cong. ch.....	3 25
Dalton, Cong. ch.....	50 00
Lowell, Charles H. Rogers, for ships' library	10 00
Mansfield, Cong. ch. (add.).....	50
Mitteneague, Cong. ch.....	27 82
Monson, Cong. ch. and S. school, const. Mrs. Lucretia Hyde and Miss Harriet Perkins L. M's.....	106 30
Dea. A. W. Porter	50 00
Northampton, Edwards' ch.....	41 84
North Amherst, Cong. ch., const. Rev. Daniel H. Rogers L. M.....	30 10
Pittsfield, South ch. \$22.53, from S. school	55 42
Raynham, Cong. ch. \$12, from S. school, for ships' library.....	52 03
Stockbridge, Cong. ch., const. Henry Stafford L. M.....	48 00
South Wellfleet, Second Cong. ch.....	13 50
Townsend, Cong. ch.....	5 06
Waltham, Orthodox ch.....	11 44
West Barnstable, Friends.....	6 18
West Medway, Cong. ch., const. Rev.	

Stephen Knowlton L. M.....	32 72
West Newbury, Seco. d Cong. ch.....	20 70
Woburn, First Cong. ch., \$10, from J. B. McDonald, for ships' library.....	74 00

CONNECTICUT.

Clinton, North Stanton.....	10 00
East Haddam, Cong. ch.....	12 31
Greenwich, Second Cong. S. school, for ships' libraries.....	44 00
" First Cong. Ch.....	17 10
Hartford, Sarah W. Boswell, const. Mrs. Elizabeth C. Hand, of Bloomsburg, N. J. L. M.....	30 00
Millington, Cong. ch.....	10 00
Portland, First Cong. ch., balance.....	2 00
Thomaston, Cong. ch. (in part).....	34 17
Westford, Mrs. D. Chapman, for library for steamer Veteran.....	12 00
Westbrook, Cong. ch.....	14 10
West Woodstock, Cong. ch.....	12 80
Anonymous.....	1 50
Woodbury, H. S. Curtis.....	5 00
Woodcot, Dea. A. H. Burns, Dea. L. B. Bronson, M. S. Upson, and Lucian Upson, annual members.....	20 20

NEW YORK.

Brooklyn, Clinton Av. Cong. ch.....	454 78
Middle Prot. Ref. Dutch ch.....	88 96
Class No. 23, East Ref. Dutch ch. S. school, for ships' library.....	10 00
Lafayette Av. Pres. ch.....	345 30
New York City, Salt for the Old Salts.....	1 00
Church of the Puritans.....	50 06
Collegiate Ref. D. ch.....	143 55
Capt. Scott.....	5 00
Capt. Moore.....	1 00
Capt. Scovil.....	1 00
Miss Anna Barrett, const. self L. M.....	30 60
Capt. Greene.....	5 00
Friend.....	2 00
S. W. Dibble, for Wheeler & Wilson's sewing machine for a poor widow.....	55 00
Rev. W. M. Henry.....	3 25
Capt. J. F. Wilson.....	5 00
F. G. W.....	5 00
Ludlow Patton.....	5 00
Parker Handy, Life Member.....	30 00
Joseph Howland.....	25 00
O. Wm. Bird.....	5 00
Wm. Augustus White.....	10 00
C. D. Van Wagenen.....	15 00
P. Townsend.....	20 00
C. H. Marshall.....	25 00
L. B. Wyman.....	10 00
Hon. E. D. Morgan.....	50 00
Mrs. Hannah Ireland.....	50 00
G. A. Talbot.....	10 00
Saugerties, Mr. and Mrs. John Kiersted, const. Abraham L. Huebner, of Bethlehem, Pa., L. M.....	30 00
West Lafayette Pres. ch.....	5 60
Williamsburg, First Pres. ch. In addition, to const. Jedediah R. Hawley and Henry A. Tuttle L. M's.....	30 00
South Third Street Pres. Church,.....	50 18

NEW JERSEY.

Irvington, Ref. Dutch ch. S. school, for ships' library.....	12 00
Lawrenceville, a Friend, for the circulation of SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.....	25 00
Madison, First Pres. S. school, for ships' library, \$12, from Four Cousins, for the Cousens' Library.....	60 00

PENNSYLVANIA.

Wilkesbarre, Mrs. C. L. Williamson.....	18 25
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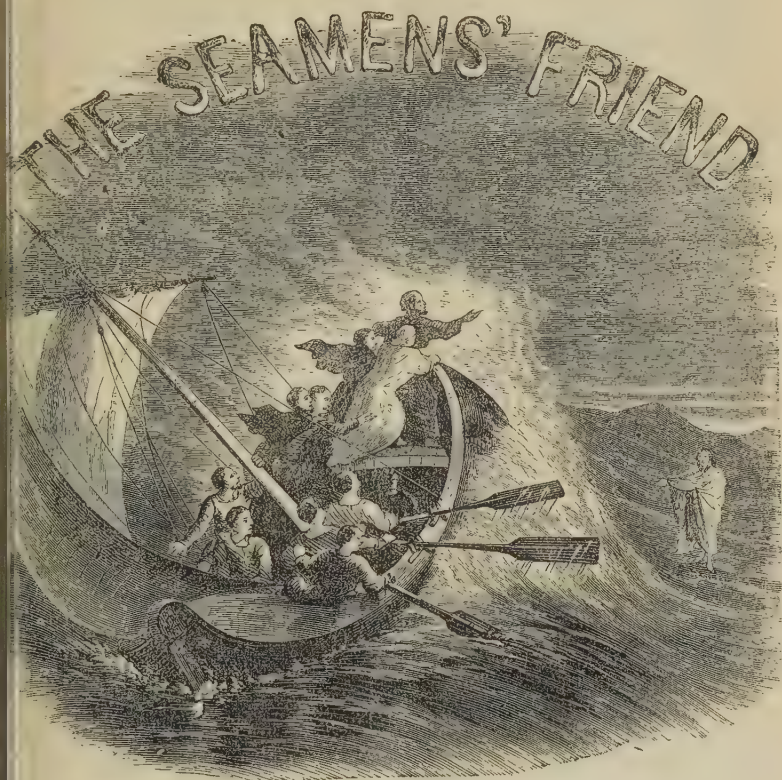
FLORIDA.

Key West, J. W. R.....	2 00
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FOR THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF SEAMEN.

Mrs. Robbins and Mrs. Ford.....	20 00
E. T. Smith, Fire Place, N. Y.....	1 00

\$2,603 91



Christ in the Storm.

One dark stormy night, said a traveler, we were tossing in a rude little native boat, near the coast of Ceylon. As I lay on my low bed in the bottom of the boat, and saw the red flashes of lightning through the thatched covering, and heard the rapid peals of thunder, while the rain was pouring on all sides, and our boat tossing like a bubble on the waves, I could not but think of our danger; for I knew that the native boatmen were timid and ignorant, and many such little barks go down every year on that coast.

Trembling and afraid, I raised my head to catch the words of my companion, as he inquired of the boatman for the master of the boat. "He is in the hinder part of the ship, asleep," was the reply. Little did the rude heathen who uttered these words know that they made my very soul thrill. In a moment I was carried back to that night when Jesus, perhaps in just such a rude little boat as ours, lay tossing in the stormy sea of Genesareth. Never did I so realize that our blessed Saviour was once a man, a suffering mortal, and one with us in nature.

Far from home and kindred, weak, helpless, and full of fear, for a moment I had forgotten that Jesus was just as near as he was to his disciples, and that he could as easily say to the foaming billows about us, "Peace be still," as he did on that night when they cried, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?"

My fears were gone. I felt that Jesus was near, that I could almost put my hand in his, and hear his voice—"It is I, be not afraid."

Often since then, in hours of darkness and trial, have I lived over that night, and been comforted by the same sweet thoughts.

Dear fellow-Christian, in a time of darkness and storm, dost thou remember that Jesus is near? When afflictions come, and mountains of grief stand on the right hand and on the left, and the mists of dull despair come full and thick in thy face, dost thou draw near to thy Master, and trust to his arm to save? This is thy privilege. Oh! come to him and enjoy it. Do heavy burdens press thee down? Fear not—carry them all to Jesus. None are too heavy for him to bear; none so small as to be beneath his notice. In him all fullness dwells. Art thou poor? He is rich. Art thou weak? He is strong. Art thou sinful and unworthy? He is righteous and infinitely worthy.

Look up, then, to Jesus; confide in him; live very near to him, and be at peace.

Short Sermon to Seamen.—No. 7.

BY REV. ROBERT W. LEWIS, PASTOR
OF THE FLOATING CHURCH, PIKE
SLIP, NEW YORK.

REVELATION 11, 25—"That which thou hast, hold fast till I come."

The Gospel, my friends, reveals things which cannot be moved. The Gospel is a revelation of the truth of

God. Other things may perish—all things which are not connected in some way with God's truth shall perish—and come to a fearful end; but God's truth is eternal, unchangeable, and immovable; it cannot be shaken, but shall stand firm

"Amid the wreck of matter
And the crash of worlds."

For the truth of God, as revealed in the Gospel of his dear Son, has very deep foundations. It is settled in that Divine love which arranged for us a place of salvation immediately upon the fall of our first parents. It is settled in that amazing wisdom which foresaw the whole course of human apostacy long before Adam sinned, and what was needed in every particular. The depth of the love and wisdom of God, as shown in the sacrifice of Christ, no one of us can possibly understand. But the fact of the existence of these massive foundations no one who reads and believes in the Bible can question.

Men, on the other hand, are well described in the Scriptures, as "like a troubled sea which cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt." Hardly any description in the Bible is so good; none is better. Sinners by nature are like sea under the lashings of a storm. There is no peace for them then, and there is no peace for them for a long time afterward. An unsanctified human head does not know the meaning of the word rest. The unconverted sinner has no abiding place; and, like to the steamer in which he rides the ocean, he has also forces within him which will ruin him if he is not careful to control them. To fasten himself to something is the invitation of the Gospel to the sinner. For this purpose is Christ called a rock. A good Gospel hope is the anchor which shall take hold

"the rock Christ;" and if the one fastened to the other by the chain of the divine promises, there shall be holding fast indeed of what a man

But when the sinner takes hold of Christ by the chain of the promises and the anchor of a good Gospel hope, Christ takes hold of him. The struggling soul takes hold of the hand of Christ. St. Peter grasped the hand of Jesus; and every one saved by grace is saved because Christ takes hold of him. Idle would be the exhortation "hold fast that which thou hast;" idle would be any efforts towards this end, if Christ did not hold fast to us. The Apostle invites us here to do all in our power to hold on to the hand which the Saviour graciously puts forth to rescue the soul sinking amid the waves. It is the hand of a friend—the hand of a brother—the hand of one who sticketh closer than a brother. Our strength against the tide of worldly influences is weakness. But Christ can say to the waves of ungodliness, "Peace, be still." And in his own good time we shall be drawn out of the waters altogether, not at our head only, but also our hands and our feet.

That time will be when he shall come. Till then, we must watch and pray. Till then we must labor and strive. Till then we will do well to heed the words, "Hold fast that which thou hast, lest another take thy crown."

Overtaken at Last.

BY REV. A. A. STURGESS, OF ASCENSION ISLAND, S. P.

Some twelve years ago, a young sailor ran away from his ship, and became a resident of what was then generally known as the "Paradise of beach-combers." Jim, for that was

his name, subsequently lived on Strong's Island and Ebon, and almost everywhere; in short, he seems to have got from the devil the "freedom of the Pacific," if not the "keys."—For many years he has been known as "Scandalous Jim." About one year ago, he came back here in the *Pfeil*. I have understood that the German firm of Stapenhorst were anxious to get rid of him, and were in a way to work him off to one side, intending to put him on Rouen's Island with a little trade, to shift for himself. Instead of this, the *Pfeil* left him on a little islandsome twenty miles to the west of this, giving him trade to buy cocoanut oil. I saw him once during his residence there.

Turning from Jim, let us speak of "Bill," his murderer. Some six years ago, a fellow by the name of Bill ran away from his ship (the *Adeline Gibbs*, I think), and settled at Paliku, one of the darkest dens on Ponape at that time. Bill shot his wife, wounding her severely, for which I felt it my duty to lecture him severely, and which seems to have been the beginning of some very bitter feelings and plots for revenge. Subsequently, he seemed really anxious to reform, and a great change was apparent. But the man who has lived a few years of Island licentiousness finds his moral constitution too far gone in consumption to give much hope of recovery.

Bill, in a fit of madness, set fire to his houses, on which he had spent more than a year's toil and all his trade. He was left with little more than the shirt on his back. Jim had trade, and with this Bill could build another house, hence he murdered him and took possession of his property. With this property Bill was putting up a house, when he fell from a tree and was instantly killed. He

had gone with a few natives into the swamp for timber, and having cut a tree which lodged, he shouldered his adze, and went up to cut the branches that the tree might fall. In doing this he fell head first, driving his head deep into the soft mud, and his neck up into his shoulders. After him fell the adze, which split his back and passed nearly through his body. Then came the tree falling directly upon the adze and body. It was death three-fold. Who can wonder that the natives looked but a moment at the awful sight and then fled? Vengeance has overtaken the murderer.

This island and the world have thus been relieved of two terrors.—Of Jim I know but little. Everybody speaks of him as well named “Scandalous Jim,” and seem to think the world far better off without him.—Bill I have known well for years, and must say that I have felt a great relief from anxiety since the word came, “Bill is dead.” Especially for the last two or three months have I been the object of Bill’s hatred; he would shoot me or any one else who would do anything to bring him to justice. On the return of the *Pfeil*, I exerted myself to get Bill on board, as the captain wished much to take the murderer to Honolulu. I made two visits to the Ponotic Harbor, hoping to get some assistance among the shipping there to arrest the murderer. The captains readily entered into measures to decoy the fellow and get him on board, but he was too cunning for them; so the ships passed by, and the criminal was still running at large, glorying that he feared no one; and so justice seemed baffled, and some were too ready to mourn that there was no man-of-war and no God to execute the all-essential law. But

how false to God and history our fears. How much better that Bill should fall from that tree and break his own neck, in sight of these poor people he had so wronged, than that he be captured and taken to a civilized land to be tried, where, ten chances to one, he would have cheated the gallows quite as easily as he did us.

And now, in view of this illustration of Divine retribution, I would like to whisper into the ear of every sailor this warning: Never venture to do a deed hoping to escape punishment by escaping to lands where there is no human law. God has said, “Vengeance is mine, and I will repay it;” and most fearfully does he follow the offender in these lawless seas. After more than twelve years of observation and experience in these dark seas, it is my full belief that sin is as surely punished here as in the land of law. God’s eye is everywhere. Every falling tree, every axe, every gun, every wind, every disease, everything holds a warrant from the Almighty to arrest the sinner. The sinner “walketh upon a snare.”

A Sailor’s Funeral and Grave.

How wonderful is the mantle with which the deep sea-bottom is found to be covered. The gold and gem which sink into those depths; instead of remaining exposed, are soon covered up by the showers of falling shells. Yes, and the dead too. The bodies that are dropped into the deep sea do not want due burial. W. landsmen are apt to think with a shudder of the sailor’s funeral. Yet it is an impressive ceremony. When any one dies on board a man-of-war, his body is sewed up in a hammock, with one or two cannon balls securely fastened to his feet. It is then stretched on plank at the gangway, and all hand

re summoned on deck "to bury the dead." The funeral service being sad, the plank is tilted, and the body slides, feet foremost into the sea. Should this happen to take place out of "blue water," we have little difficulty in imagining what will follow. We shall suppose the body, in its descent, to pass safely through the region of fishes, into the depths where no living thing is. Down, and still down it sinks, till at last it reaches the bottom, to which its feet are tied, as it were, by the weight of the cannon balls attached to them. The rest of the body, however, will be buoyed up by the water; hence it will assume and retain a standing position. Nor is it likely that it will soon decay. Many of the shells brought up by Brooke's apparatus actually contained in them fleshy parts of their inhabitants. So that, in all probability, we may conclude that the sea embalms its dead. Yet let us not suppose that if the waters were drained off, we should see a dreadful array of dead men standing on the ocean bed. Such a scene would be far more terrible than any that the poet's fancy has ever dared to paint. But it is a scene which has doubtless no existence. For the little mites of shell which are constantly falling must soon cover up the bodies of the ocean's mightiest dead, as they sink successively to the bottom.—*Rev. J. Black.*

A Deed of Self-Sacrifice.

Algiers was once the nest of pirates, and the bold corsairs, scouring the Mediterranean, grew rich in the spoil of plundered merchantmen, and brought home thousands of captives to serve as slaves. Those of low condition were at once doomed to menial or mechanical service; those well

connected were held for high ransom. The bodies of dead slaves were cast outside of the walls, without burial, to be devoured by dogs and carrion birds. The following story is told of a captive priest:

"One day a cruiser returned from a successful voyage, and among the prisoners was a Capuchin friar, whose name is now unknown. He was a man of some note in the Court of Austria, being the friend and confessor of John, the son of Charles V., the Emperor of Germany. Learning who he was, and who his friends were, his captors treated him with courtesy, and demanded an immense ransom. While waiting to hear from the Prince, the friar was permitted to interest himself as he would, and he spent his time in inquiring into the welfare of his fellow-captives. His pious heart was deeply touched by their sufferings, and especially by the barbarous mode of disposing of the bodies of the dead, and he resolved, at any sacrifice for himself, he would remedy the matter.

"In due time, the Prince sent the money for the ransom, but the priest, in generous forgetfulness of self, of home and friends, took the gold, and with it bought a field for the Christian burial of slaves; and, without a murmur, resigned his hopes of freedom, and spent the rest of his life in ministering to the unfortunates for whose sake he made this memorable sacrifice."

This deed of his strikes us as one of the noblest that history records. He that made the sacrifice must have been a man of rare piety and greatness. He may have been under the influence of notions which we do not hold, concerning the importance of burial in consecrated earth. Nevertheless, with all possible differences

of creed, we give the man whose name has perished the honor due to those who perform acts of humanity and true greatness. Would that we all, protestants that we are, had more of the spirit which animated the unknown Capuchin friar.

Resist Beginnings.

Four hundred years the north of Holland has been threatened with submersions by the Northern Ocean. Ramparts have been raised along the whole coast in the form of massive embankments to keep the water out. Walking within this lofty embankment, you hear the sea roar and rave without, high above your head. In seasons of storms the waves have been blown in upon the ramparts higher and higher until they surged in over the top, washed an opening through a hole which a handful of earth might have stopped, and soon tore it into an immense break, through which "Old Ocean" deluged half a kingdom. At first a child might have stopped the leak; now millions cannot arrest the break or rescue the grassy meadows from their watery desolation. Whenever the storm arises and the waves approach the top, the alarm bell is rung in every city and hamlet far and near; multitudes rush to the rescue, to raise the wall by means of wicker work and loam.

And this is a symbol of the human heart. Two kingdoms are battling for the mastery in man, in the world—the kingdom of light and the kingdom of darkness, the power of good and the power of evil. Both claim and seek to assert dominion over the heart which is his kingdom. Evil is always deceitful. Sin is a lie—was a lie from the beginning, and Satan the arch liar. He still says to the children of

men, when he attempts to entrap them, "Ye shall not surely die." The soul is always approached with a temptation seemingly trivial and innocent. First comes the forbidden fruit, and then only the murder.

To what gulfs
A single deviation from the track
Of human duties leads!

The stealing of a penny leads to the stealing of half a million. The tasting of a drop may result in a drunkard's doom and death. The tippler has no thought of becoming a drunkard, nor the fast young man a reckless wanton and debauchee. But alas! the little opening on the rampart becomes an immense break, and the floodgates of ruin pour destruction and desolation over the soul. Then fear cometh as desolation, and destruction as a whirlwind. The casual omission of prayer to-day may disturb your conscience; but if repeated for a whole week, will cause you less disquietude. Absence from public worship may seem a privation for a little while, and then the attendance upon it becomes a burden.

Resist the beginnings of bigotry, avarice, and selfishness. Resist the beginnings of sinful indulgence and worldly-mindedness. Resist the beginnings of evil habits and thoughts in the young. Bend the twig before it becomes an unbending oak. Check the first lisings of profanity, the first desires after sin. Watch prayerfully the swelling surges of sin and stop its first rippling waters as they lash over the ramparts of the heart. Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation.

Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground,
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all, guard every part,
But most the traitor in thy heart.

—*German Reformed Messenger*

Remarkable Escapes of Eminent Men.

Some years ago, a young man holding a subordinate position in the East India Company's Service, twice attempted to deprive himself of life by snapping a loaded pistol at his head. Each time the pistol missed fire. A friend entering his room shortly afterward, he requested him to fire it out of the window; it then went off without any difficulty. Satisfied thus that the weapon had been duly primed and loaded, the young man sprang up, exclaiming, "I must be reserved for something great," and from that moment gave up the idea of suicide, which for some time previous had been uppermost in his thoughts. That young man afterwards became Lord Elvile.

Two brothers were on one occasion talking together, when a violent storm of thunder and lightning overtook them. One was struck dead on the spot, the other was spared, else would the name of the great reformer, Martin Luther, have been unknown to mankind.

The holy St. Augustine, having to preach in a distant town, took with him a guide, who by some unaccountable means mistook the usual road and fell into a by-path. He afterward discovered that his enemies, having heard of his movements, had placed themselves in the proper road with the design of murdering him.

Bacon, the sculptor, when a tender boy of five years old, fell into the pit of a soap boiler, and must have perished had not a workman, just entering the yard, observed the top of his head, and delivered him.

When Oliver Cromwell was an infant, a monkey snatched him from his cradle, leaped with him through a barret window, and ran with him

along the leaders of the house. The utmost alarm was excited among the inmates, and various were the devices used to rescue the child from the guardianship of his newly-found protector. All were unavailing; his would-be rescuers had lost courage, and were in despair of ever seeing the baby alive again, when the monkey quietly retraced his steps and deposited its burden safely on the bed. On a subsequent occasion the waters had well nigh quenched his insatiable ambition. He fell into a deep pond, from drowning in which a clergyman named Johnson was the sole instrument of his rescue.

At the siege of Leicester, a young soldier about seventeen years of age, was drawn out for sentry duty. One of his comrades was very anxious to take his place. No objection was made, and this man went. He was shot dead while on guard. The young man first drawn afterward became the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress."

Doddridge, when born, was so weakly an infant that he was believed to be dead. A nurse standing by fancied she saw some signs of vitality. Thus the feeble spark of life was saved from being extinguished, and an eminent author and consistent Christian preserved to the world.

John Wesley, when a child, was only just preserved from fire. Almost the moment after he was rescued, the roof of the house where he had been fell in. Of Philip Henry a similar instance is recorded.

John Knox, the renowned Scotch reformer, was always wont to sit at the head of the table, with his back to the window. On one particular evening, without, however, being able to account for it, he would neither himself sit in the chair nor permit any one else to occupy his place. That

very night a bullet was shot in at the window purposely to kill him; it grazed the chair in which he sat, and made a hole in the foot of a candlestick on the table.

Many years have now elapsed since three subalterns might have been seen struggling in the water off St. Helena. One of them, peculiarly helpless, was fast succumbing. He was saved to live as Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington.

The life of John Newton is but the history of a series of marvelous deliverances. As a youth, he had agreed to accompany some friends on board of a man-of-war. He arrived too late; the boat in which his friends had gone was capsized, and all its occupants drowned. On another occasion, when tide surveyor in the port of Liverpool, some business had detained him, so that he came much later than usual, to the great surprise of those who were in the habit of observing his undeviating punctuality. He went out in the boat as heretofore to inspect a ship, which blew up before he reached her. Had he left the shore a few minutes sooner, he must have perished with the rest on board.

Of Christ.

Christ made himself like unto us, that he might have us like himself.

Christ must needs have died; how else could sin be expiated, the law satisfied, the devil conquered, and man be saved?

They that deny themselves for Christ, shall enjoy themselves in Christ.

Men would rather hear of Christ crucified for them, than be crucified for Christ.

If Christ denied innocent nature out of love to us, shall not we deny corrupt nature out of love to him?

Christ, by his death, appeared to be the Son of God.

Christ was the great promise of the Old Testament; the Spirit is the great promise of the New.

Christ's strength is the strength of the Christian.

If we would stand, Christ must be our foundation; if we would be safe, Christ, must be our sanctuary.

In regard of natural life, we live in God; in regard of spiritual life, Christ lives in us.

He that thinks he hath no need of Christ hath too high thoughts of himself; he that thinks Christ cannot help him, hath too low thoughts of Christ.

Presumption abuses Christ, despair refuses him.

Church of the Sea and Land.

89, MADISON-ST., N. Y.,

April 5th, 1866.

Rev. Messrs. LOOMIS AND HALL:

DEAR BRETHREN—Many thanks to the Seamen's Friend Society for the appropriation of \$500, to aid the Church of the Sea and Land in supplying the Gospel and other means of grace to the men of the sea. This Church has been greatly blest in gathering gems from the sea for our Redeemer's crown, but we were restricted for want of room. The interesting state of things among seamen, my many religious services, often directing and praying with anxious sailors till a late hour, my temperance meetings and missionary work, together with my efforts to secure a larger place of worship, overpowered my health, and I have suffered from an attack of sickness. By the blessing of God, I am now convalescent, and at work again. But in view of the amount of work to be done, we have engaged the services of

the Rev. Samuel F. Farmer for one year, to assist me in the pulpit in my missionary work, and in raising funds to pay for the Market-street Church, which we have recently purchased.

I clip from the *New York Observer* of this morning, the following, which please insert:

"CHURCH OF THE SEA AND LAND. This church has succeeded, by the benevolence of a gentleman of this city, in securing the Market-street Church, and will have possession upon the first of May. There is an installment of the purchase money to be paid upon that day, and an earnest appeal is made to all who are interested in the welfare of seamen to contribute to meet this payment. The work which is done by this church is most important and excellent, and the enterprise is conducted with great vigor and ability. As the time is short, and the amount to be raised is large, it is hoped that the friends of the work will give it their prompt and friendly aid."

The good work among seamen progresses, and we hope to see it greatly enlarged when we get into the Market-street church on the 1st of May. Our current expenses will be considerably increased, and we have a heavy installment to meet in May, but we trust that the Lord will incline the friends of the cause to sustain this enterprise.

In consequence of my recent illness, I have only commenced my collections, which are as follows:

FOR CURRENT EXPENSES.

Pres. Board of Domestic Missions, \$600; American Seamen's Friend Society, \$500; John E. Johnson, Esq., \$25.

TO PAY FOR THE CHURCH.

Robert Bruce, (a sailor), \$2; a Friend gave one-tenth of the whole

sum to be paid, \$3,650; Jas. Lenox, Esq., \$1000; Jas. Brown, Esq., \$250; John Taylor Johnson, Esq., \$100; Wm. Gilmore, \$50.; J. N. Phillips, \$50; D. Parish, Esq., \$50; John Collins, (sailor), \$5; Mrs. Maria E. Cowles, \$5; R. Carter, Esq., \$50; John C. Green, Esq., \$250. All of which is respectfully submitted.

ALEXANDER MCGLASHAN.

Growing in Grace.

The following extract is from a letter written by a converted sailor to his pastor, Rev. E. D. Murphy, of the Mariners' Church:—

"My little state-room still witnesses the manifestations of God in melting my soul into love and tenderness, so that, in testimony of his favor, I tell you that I am on my heavenward journey. Christ, as King, reigns on the throne of my heart. I have a consciousness of reconciliation, and am waiting for an unction from the Holy One, more and more to sink me into the ocean of God's love. Reviewing the past year, I find it fraught with blessings, temporal and spiritual, I have just left perusing the records of God's goodness to me. The 15th day of November is a memorable day to me; and, could I tell you all you would say with me, "Oh! that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men." But I will not attempt a narration, suffice it to say, I am under infinite obligations to love God more than ever; and I hope you will still strive with me in your prayer to God for an increase of faith, hope, love, joy, meekness, humbleness of mind, holy zeal, and boldness for God.

My every day's observation convinces me more and more that piety is not always connected with a pro-

session. It costs but little in this world to be united in form to God's people; in another, the hypocrite will find that he has been playing the fool with his soul at a dear rate. While others trust in form, may we have the power of godliness; while some share only in the *name*, be it ours to possess the virtue of Christians—Christians justified and sanctified; while others feed on *husks*, may we eat the true bread; while others grasp at golden ore, and are unsatisfied, let us obtain the true riches.

Before I close, I must tell you that the time passes, for the most part, sweetly, peacefully, and sometimes with joy and exultation. Glory to God.

A Christian salutation to the friends of Christ.

Your's, in the best of bonds,

ERICK NELSON.

Holding Out.

John Turner, who was hopefully converted when in the Washington Navy Yard, writes to his pastor as follows:—

"I sincerely hope that the Lord, in His great mercy, will make me more watchful. It is very hard to live as I wish, because of the many about me who care neither for God nor their souls. It is my determination, with the help of God's Holy Spirit, to live to the honor and glory of my Redeemer. I am signal quartermaster on board the U.S.S. Mackinaw."

Greatness of God.

By the aid of the telescope, man has greatly enlarged the sphere of his vision.

"He into vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds comprise one universe."

By the aid of the microscope he can see myriads of living things too

small to be visible to the naked eye. These two instruments have revealed to us two new fields of wonder, of which David, when he spoke of God's great and marvelous works, had no conception. One discloses to us a multitude of suns, and worlds invisible to the naked eye by reason of their distance; and the other makes us acquainted with a multitude of animals, so small that they have abundance of room to frolic in a drop of water.

We admire the mechanical ingenuity of an individual who can make a needle in which no flaw can be seen, which is, nevertheless, a hollow cylinder, that can be opened, and in which is contained another needle. How much more wonderful is the creative power of God, who has made a countless number of creatures too small to be seen by the naked eye, and millions of which, placed side by side would not make a line an inch in length. And what perfection of finish there is even to the most contemptible insect! The claws of a flea's foot are incomparably beyond any piece of human mechanism. The finest needle is a crowbar in comparison. It is the same with every plate of the cuirass of the active bloodthirsty insect. Nothing like its perfection is revealed to the naked eye or to the microscope in the external forms of larger animals. How wonderful, then, is the power of God, who can create one of these tiny animals as easily as he can create an elephant!

And the wonderful diversity of animal life is more marvelous still. All are not "harps of thousand strings." Neither head, nor heart, nor eye, is necessary to a complete animal. There are polyps that might be compared to a finger of a glove with a fringe to it. Turn the creature inside out, and

the membrane that before served as outer covering, becomes the lining membrane of the stomach, and the change proves to have been an unimportant one.

The strange conditions of animal life are curiously illustrated in the account given in Prof. Tenny's new Zoology, of the Sun-fish or Jelly-fish, a floating mass of living jelly familiar to all our readers that have visited the sea-shore of New England, and with this we conclude these remarks:

The Genus *Aurelia* contains the common "Sun-fish." *A. flavidula* of the north-east coast of North America. It attains eight or ten inches or more in diameter, and lives but a single year. When first seen in the spring, it is hardly a quarter of an inch in diameter; and when the sky is clear and the sea smooth, it floats in immense numbers near the surface of the water. They grow rapidly, reaching their average size in early summer. As they increase in size, they separate more and more, but reassemble towards the close of summer, which is the spawning season. Later, they are broken into fragments, and destroyed by the autumnal winds; but the planulae—as the newly-hatched jelly-fishes are called—soon appear moving freely about by means of vibratile cilia. After a little time, each becomes attached to the rocks, sea-weed, or shells, and is then known as *Scyphostoma*. Then the body begins to be divided into rings by transverse constrictions, and the rings or segments become more and more numerous and more distinct, and in this form is called *Strobila*. [See figure in Webster's New Illustrated Dictionary, p. 1309.] At length, by deeper and deeper constriction, the segments become more and more isolated, and the

uppermost segment drops off, then the next one, and so on, till each segment or disk has separated from the one below itself; and the base, having reproduced tentacles, remains still alive. Each segment or disk, as it separates, turns over, and floats away, and in this form is known as *Ephyra*. Soon each ephyra assumes the form of the perfect jelly-fish. Thus a simple scyphostoma, the product of a single egg, becomes a strobila, which at length divides into numerous parts, each of which becomes a perfect jelly-fish.

—:o:—

Hawaiians Compared with other Polynesians.

In physical proportions, Hawaiians generally may not equal the natives of the Hervey and Samoan groups, nor may they appear as handsome as some Tahitians; but Hawaiians exhibit an air of civilization far in advance of the natives of any group visiting Honolulu. Look at the rough features and heathenish countenances of the natives of Ocean Island, New Caledonia, Micronesia, and the South Sea Islands generally. Civilization and Christianity have done much for Hawaiians during the last half century. Intercourse with foreigners and foreign trade may be attended with some bad consequences, but, upon the whole, the tendency is upward, and all well-wishers to the race are called upon to increase the tide of good influences and diminish the current of evil.

This is not undervaluing what has been done by Missionaries and others in various parts of Polynesia. No one who has not attentively examined the subject can fairly estimate the herculean labor of elevating a heathen

people, and giving them a standing among the civilized nations of the earth. Let any candid person compare Hawaiians, as they appeared in the days of Kamehameha I and in those of Kamehameha V, and he will witness a contrast approximating to that between the red-headed, dirt-colored and half-naked Britons of the days of Tacitus and Cæsar and the sturdy John Bulls of the nineteenth century, or their cousins over the water.

—:O:—

Pressing into the Kingdom.

The remarkable revival among seamen at the various Bethels and preaching stations in New York and Brooklyn, still continues.

During the last month there have been numerous conversions, among both American and foreign sailors. God is greatly blessing the labors of Chaplains and Missionaries among this class, and encouraging Christians to renewed diligence and prayer.

—:O:—

Position of the Planets for May.

MERCURY will rise half an hour before the sun about the E. by N. point of the horizon, throughout this month. It will be near the Moon on the morning of the 22th.

VENUS will be visible during the evening, until about 10 P.M., during the month, and on the 15th will be close to the Moon.

MARS rises due E. about 3 hours A.M., at the beginning of the month, and 2 hours earlier at the end. On the morning of the 10th it will be a little north of the Moon.

JUPITER, on the evening of the 6th, will be about 5° South of the Moon, and is visible from midnight throughout the month.

SATURN is favorably situated for observation from sunset till 4 hours A.M., at the beginning of the month,

setting about an hour earlier at the end. It is just above the Moon at midnight of the 26th. B. B.

Nautical School, 92 Madison Street.

—:O:—

Total Disasters Reported in March.

Below, we present a record of vessels belonging to, or bound to and from ports in the United States, reported as totally lost or missing during the past month.

The list comprises 34 vessels, of which 6 were steamers, 2 ships, 7 barks, 1 brig, and 18 schooners, at an estimated valuation of \$850,000. Of the number, 12 were wrecked, 6 burnt, 6 foundered, 6 abandoned, and 4 are missing.

The list is as follows, with the ports whence hailing, destination, &c. Those marked *w* were wrecked, *b* burnt, *f* foundered, *a* abandoned, and *m* missing:

STEAMERS.

Nashua, *w*, from New Orleans for New York.
Hobomok (tug), *b*. (At Wilmington, N. C.)
Gen. Hooker, *b*, from Charleston for Georgetown, S. C.
Phoenix (tug), *f*, from Baltimore for New York.
Rebecca Barton, *a*, from New Orleans for New York.
Marcena Johnson, *b*, from Deer Isle for Castine.

SHIPS.

Pietro Marconi, *b*, from New York for Hong Kong.
Saybrook, *m*, from New York for London.

BARKS.

Charles Edwin, *m*, from Portland for Cardenas.
Grace, *w*, from Mobile for St. John, N. B.
Isis, *a*, from New York for Cork.
Lucy E. Ashby, *w*, from Fuhchau for New York.
Marigo, *b* (at Zanibar), for Boston.
Ella Frances, *a*, from Puget Sound for San Francisco.
Foam of the Sea, *f*, from Leghorn for New York.

BRIG.

Catherine Rogers, *w*, from Elizabethport for Providence.

SCHOONERS.

Sea Ranger, *m*, from Bristol, R. I., for Sagua.
Matamoras, *w*, from Portland for St. John, N. B.
West Wind, *f*, from Elizabethport for Portland.
Hiawatha, *b*, from Rockland for New York.
Odd Fellow, *f*, from Eastport for Boston.
N. C. Harris, *a*, from Jonesport for Boston.
Maria, *m*, from New York for Pensacola.
Mountain Ave'e, *f*, from Boston for Bridgeport, Connecticut.
Henry Jaynes, *a*, from Cienfuegos for New York.
Native, *w*.
Sunny South, *w*, from New York for Jacksonville.
Monterey, *w*, from Dighton for Philadelphia.
Conneaut, *a*, from Boston for Millbridge.
David Smith, *w*, from Fall River for Philadelphia.
George Thomas, *w*, from Baltimore for New York.
Lizzie Lawson, *f*, from New York for Charleston.
Lande Euphrasie, *w*, from Boston for Western Islands.
Wm. E. Bird, *w*.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

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[No. 5.]

A Sabbath-School on Shipboard.

Extract from a letter written by a clergyman passing the winter at Nice, France.

I will tell you what I saw yesterday (Sunday), on the good American frigate Colorado. There were from sixty to seventy boys on board, between the ages of ten and sixteen.—These, all with clean clothes and fresh bright faces, were on benches near the chaplain, with the exception of some twenty who formed the choir, and who stood around the little instrument which had lately been purchased for their use. Behind these were the old sailors or tars, as they like to call themselves, as far as the eye could reach, while opposite the boys were the officers of the vessel. Such was the congregation; and now for the church. It was what is called the main gun deck of the ship, just high enough for me to stand upright without striking my head; and all along on either side, in the midst of the congregation, were long, black, heavy guns, which at a moment's notice, could be run out of the port-holes, and be made to carry destruction against whatever object they might be aimed. The floor of this

church, that is, the deck, was so white and clean, that it seemed a pleasure to kneel down upon it; and the clergyman's desk, instead of showing carved wood, was all covered and draped with the stars and stripes of the American flag. Thus, in the midst of things which spoke all of war, was gathered together a congregation of the Prince of peace; and all rose together with uncovered heads, as the chaplain solemnly pronounced the words, "The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him." But what most interested me was to hear the choir of boys commence the chant, "O come, let us sing unto the Lord, &c;" and then afterwards to hear their youthful voices sing other chants and hymns. They sang well and sweetly, but they seemed to lack confidence, at which I was not surprised, when I afterwards learned it was their first singing in public. They had been practising for some time, but the commanding officer had but just presented them with their little organ, so this was the first time they had sung as a choir in the public worship of God among their ship-mates, and I thanked God that I had been present to hear them, for it did me good and took me nearer

Heaven, and reminded me of the time when, on the road to Jerusalem, the children sung hosannas to the Son of David, and refused to be silenced. I do not mean to say that every boy on board was living a life pleasing to God. I fear not. But I have little doubt that many were, for much pains are taken with them, and every Sunday afternoon they are formed into a Sunday-school, which is taught by the chaplain and several of the officers, and doubtless God's holy spirit is working with them."

March 27, 1866.

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Children in Japan.

During more than half a year's residence in Japan, I have never seen a quarrel among young or old. I have never seen a blow struck; scarcely an angry face. I have seen the children at their sports, flying their kites on the hills, and no amount of intertangled strings, or kites lodged in the trees, provoked angry words or impatience. I have seen them intent on their games of jackstones and marbles, under the shady gateways of the temples, but have seen no approach to a quarrel among them. They are taught implicit obedience to their parents, but I have never seen one of them chastised. Respect and reverence for the aged is universal. A crying child is a rarity seldom heard or seen. We have nothing to teach them in this respect out of our abundant civilization. I speak from what I know of the little folks of Japan, for more than any other foreigner have I been among them. Of all that Japan holds, there is nothing I like half so well as the happy children. I shall always remember their sloe-black eyes and ruddy, brown faces with pleasure. I have played battle-dore with the little maidens in the streets, and flown kites with as happy a set of boys as one could wish to see. They have been my guides in my rambles, shown me where all the streams and ponds were, where the flower lay hid in the thicket, where the berries were ripening on the hills; they have brought me shells from the ocean, and blossoms from the field, presenting them with all the

modesty and a less bashful grace than a young American would do. We have hunted the fox-holes together, and looked for the green and golden ducks among the hedges. They have laughed at my broken Japanese, and have taught me better; and for a happy, good-natured set of children, I will turn out my little Japanese friends against the world. God bless the boys and girls of Nippon.—*Letter from Japan.*

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A Search for Happiness,

A wealthy epicure applied to an Arabian doctor for a prescription that would restore the body to health, and give happiness to the mind. The physician advised him to exchange shirts with a man who was perfectly satisfied with his lot. Whereupon the patient set out on a journey in pursuit of such a person. After many months spent without accomplishing his object, he was told of a certain cobbler of whom every one had spoken as a model of contentment and happiness. Pursuing the directions given, the traveler was at length rewarded with the sight of the cobbler, enjoying a comfortable nap on a board. Without ceremony he was aroused from his slumbers, and the important interrogatory, whether he was contented with his lot was answered in the affirmative. "Then," said the seeker of happiness, "I have one small boon to ask at your hands. It is that you exchange shirts with me, that by this means I may also become contented and happy." "Most gladly would I accede to thy request," replied the cobbler, but—"Nay, refuse me not," replied the man of wealth, "for any sum thou namest shall be thine." "I seek not thy wealth," said the cobbler, "but—but—" "But what?" "But—the truth is—I have no shirt."

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The Banker's Exhortation.

An eminent banker from the West End, Boston, visited Father Taylor's church during a warm revival, and somewhat varied the usual character of the prayer-meeting, by an address setting forth the beneficence of the

merchant princes, the goodness of the Port Society, and above all the duty of seamen to show their *gratitude* to the merchants. He was somewhat taken aback when Father Taylor rose, at the close of his rather presumptuous exhortation, and simply inquired, "Is there any other old sinner from up town that would like to say a word?"

—:O:—

Sailor's Song.

One night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline turned his head
And cried to Billy Bowline;
"There's a sou' wester coming, Billy,
Don't you hear it roar now!
Poor people! how I pity them
Unhappy folks on shore now!"

"Fool-hardy chaps that live in town,
What dangers they are all in,
At night lie quaking in their beds,
For fear the roof will fall in.
Poor creatures! how they envy us,
And wish too, I've a notion,
For our good luck, in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean."

"Now as for them who're out all day
On business from their houses,
And late at night are walking home
To cheer their babes and spouses;
While you and I upon the deck,
Are comfortably lying—
Oh dear! what tiles and chimney-tops
About their heads are flying!"

"Bill, you and I have often heard
How folks are ruined and undone,
By overturns in carriages,
By thieves and fires in London.
We've heard what risks all landmen run,
From noblemen to tailors;
Then Bill, let us bless Providence
That you and I are sailors—"

—:O:—

A Ship without a Bible.

As we were passing along the Esplanade, distributing tracts, on a Sabbath morning, the mate of the —— hailed us. "Will you give me a Bible? We have not one on board." The next morning, on meeting the master of the said ship, we thus accosted him: "Captain, I should be afraid to go to sea in your ship." He seemed to be somewhat surprised, and asked me "Why?" "Because you have no Bible on board." "But I have a testament," said he; "besides, I sail according to the charts." Really, sailing on the sea of life without a Bible is not less absurd and unreasonable than to sail on the ocean without a chart or compass.

A Beetle Moving a Bottle.

This insect has just astonished me by its vast strength of body. Every one who has taken the common beetle in his hand knows that its limbs, if not remarkable for agility, are very powerful; but I was not prepared for so Samsonian a feat as that I have just witnessed. When the insect was brought to me, having no box immediately at hand, I was at a loss where to put it till I could kill it; but a quart bottle full of milk being on the table, I placed the beetle for the present under that, the hollow at the bottom allowing him room to stand upright. Presently, to my surprise, the bottle began to move slowly, and glide along the smooth table, propelled by the muscular power of the imprisoned insect, and continued for some time to perambulate the surface, to the astonishment of all who witnessed it. The weight of the bottle and its contents could not have been less than three pounds and a half, while that of the beetle was about half an ounce; so that it really moved a weight one hundred and twelve times its own. A better notion than figures can convey will be obtained of this fact by supposing a lad of fifteen to be imprisoned under the great bell of St. Paul's, which weighs twelve thousand pounds, and to remove it to and fro upon a smooth pavement by pushing within.—*Prof. Goss.*

—:O:—

Is the Matter Settled?

"Is the matter settled between you and God?" I asked solemnly of one whose declining health warned us to expect her early removal from this world.

"O, yes, sir," was her calm reply.

"How did you get it settled?"

"The Lord Jesus Christ settled it for me."

"And when did he do it for you?" I inquired.

"When he died on the cross for my sins."

"How long is it since you knew this blessed and consoling fact?"

The answer was readily given—

"About twelve months ago."

Anxious, however, to ascertain the grounds of this confidence, I asked :

"How did you know that the work which Christ accomplished on the cross for sinners was done for you?"

She at once replied :

"I read in the Bible, and believed what I read."

And now, dear reader, have you read in the Bible, and believed what you have read? It is written, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Does this bring comfort to your soul? Do you believe this faithful saying?

—:o:—

The Wooden Legs.

(Translated from the French.)

I was walking beside a wood when I saw approaching me a peasant who had two wooden legs, and I sincerely desire that you all may be as happy as he was. This may surprise you; but wait until you shall have heard what I shall tell you.

I spoke to him of his misfortune, and wished to know how and when it had happened.

"Misfortune?" he exclaimed, "I do not regard it as such; on the contrary, you ought to congratulate me on account of it."

I asked him to explain, and he spoke thus :

"Since I have no legs, I have no need of stockings or shoes; this is a great saving to me, and consequently a great advantage; but this is not all. Formerly, when I walked, I was always afraid of hurting myself against a stone, of thrusting a thorn into my foot, or of wounding myself, and being obliged to betake myself to my bed, unable to work. Now stones and flints, mud and snow, all are alike to me. The road might be paved with thorns, I should walk over it without the least discomfort. If I find a serpent, I can crush it; if a dog comes to bite me, I can kill him; if my wife is perverse, I have wherewith to beat her. Do you give me nuts, my foot cracks them. Am I near the fire, my foot stirs it; and after seven or eight years, when my legs are past service I can warm myself with them."

Tobacco Smoking.

It is not one of the pleasing signs of the times that this practice has become in use among boys who have scarcely passed beyond their school days; and so numerous are the instances in which small boys may be seen, without any seeming shame, smoking pipes in the open street, that it is often difficult to resist the inclination to administer a little seasonable correction. The use of the tobacco pipe before the bodily functions have been developed stops and dwarfs the growth. It leads to idleness, and is, in far too many instances, a sort of connecting link with dishonesty and habits of drinking.—*London Builder.*

—:o:—

Piety not Entailed.

Quaint old Thomas Fuller found a text for a short "sermon of references" in the genealogy of Christ, which he sees to be checkered with four remarkable changes in four immediate generations: 1. Roboam begat Abia; that is, a bad father begat a bad son. 2. Abia begat Asa; that is, a bad father begat a good son. 3. Asa begat Josaphat; that is, a good father a good son. 4. Josaphat begat Joram; that is, a good father a bad son. "I see, Lord, from hence," he says, "that my father's piety can not be entailed; this is bad news for me. But I see also that actual impiety is not always hereditary; that is good news for my son."

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